AN ELEGIE

On the never to be forgotten

Sir Thomas Armstrong Knight;

Executed for Conspiring the Death of His Most Sacred Majesty, and Royal Brother, *June* 20. 1684.

With some Satyrical Reflections on the whole Faction.

STand forth ye damn'd deluding Priests of *Baal*,
And sound full out each Trumpet Mouth a Call,
Let it be loud and shrill, that ev'ry Man
May hear the noise, from *Beersheba* to *Dan*;
To summon all the Faction, that they may
In doleful *Hums* and *Haws*, bewail this day,
And to their Just Confusion howl and roar,
For the great *Bully* of their *Cause*, is now no more.

But now me thinks I hear the Faction cry,
Ohone! Where's all thy Pomp and Gallantry?
Thy Great Commands, thy Interest and thy State?
The many Croud which did upon thee wait?
When thou like *Atlas* on thy shoulders bore,
That mighty World which we so much adore
(That Pageant Heroe, Off-spring of a Whore.)

Behold ye stubborn Crew, the certain Fate
That waits upon the hardened Reprobate.
See; the effects of Treason's Terrible,
In this life Infamy, and i'th' next a Hell,
While Heav'n attends on Kings with special Care,
The Traitor to himself becomes a snare:
Drove out like *Cain*, to wander through the World,
By his own thoughts into Distraction hurl'd,
Despis'd by all, perplext with hourly fear,
And by his Friends push't like the hunted Deer,
Like a mad Dog, still houted as he ran,
A just Reward for th' base Rebellious man.

How often has kind Heaven preserv'd the Crown,
And tumbled the Audacious Rebel down?
How many Warnings have they had of late?
How often read their own impending Fate?
That still they drive their wicked Ends pursue,
And knew what Heaven has ordain'd their due?
That man who could not reasonably desire
To raise his Fortunes, and his Glories higher,
Who did enjoy, unto a wish, such store,
That all his Ancestors scarce heard of more,
Shou'd by his own procuring fall so low,
As if he'd study'd his own overthrow,
Looks like a story yet without a Name,
And may be stil'd the first *Novel* in Fame?
So the fam'd Angelo, Turbulent as Great,
Who always waited about the Mercy-Seat,
Desiring to be touching yet unknown,
Blunder'd at all, and would have grasp't the Crown,
Till Heaven's Great Monarch, saw they wou'd Rebel,
Then dasht their Hopes, and damn'd them down to Hell.

And now me thinks I see to th'fatal place
A Troop of *Whigs* with Faction in each Face,
And Red swoln Eyes, moving with mournful pace,
Pitying the Mighty *Sampson* of their Cause,
Cursing their Fates, and Railing at the Laws.
The Sisters too appear, with shiveling Cryes,
To celebrate their Stallion Obsequies;
From th' *Play house*, and from *Change*, how they resort,
From *Country*, *City*, nay there's some from *Court*,
From the Old C-- is wither'd and decay'd,
To a *Whig* Brewer Youthful Lovely Maid.
Gods! What a Troop is here? sure *Hercules*
Had found enough so many *Whores* to please.

Repent ye Factious Rout, Repent and be
Forewarn'd by this bold Traitors Destiny.
Go home ye *Factious* Dogs, and mend your Lives;
Be Loyal, and make honest all your Wives.
You keep from Conventicles first, and then
Keep all your Wives from Conventicling Men.
Leave off your Railing 'gainst the *King* and *State*,
Your foolish Prating, and more foolish Hate.
Obey the Laws, and bravely act your parts,
And to the Church unite in Tongue and Hearts;
Be sudden too, befores it proves too late,
Lest you partake of this bold Traytors Fate.

And if the Faction thinks it worth the Cost,
(To keep this *Bully's* Name from being lost.)
To raise a *Pillar*, to perpetuate,
His Wond'rous Action, and Ignob'le Fate,
Let 'em about it freight, and when 'tis done,
I'le Crown the Work with this Inscription.

Bold Fame thou Ly'st! Read here all you
That wou'd this Mighty Mortal know;
First, he was one of low degree,
But rose to an Hyperbole.
Famous t' excess in ev'ry thing,
But duty to his *God*, and *King*;
In *Oaths* as Great as any *He*,
That ever Grac'd the Triple *Tree*;
So *Absolute*, when Drencht in Wine,
He might have been the God o'th' Vine,
His Brutal Lust was still so *strong*,
He never spar'd, or old, or young;
In *Cards* and *Dice* he was well known,
T'out-cheat the Cheaters of the Town.

These were his *Virtues*, if you'd know
His *Vices* too pray read below.

Not wholly *Whig*, nor *Atheist* neither,
But something form'd of both together,
Famous in horrid *Blasphemies*,
Practic'd in base *Adulteries*.
In *Murders* vers'd as black, and foul
As his *Degenerated Soul*.
In's *Maxims* too, as great a *Beast*,
As * *those* his honest Father dress't.
The Faction's [illegible]
Now *Hang'd*, [illegible] his *Rebellion*

* His Father was a Groom.

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